

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## MARCHING ON.

Begin right and keep right on.  
This be our motto in seventy-one.

WE enter upon a new year with thankfulness that it has pleased God to prolong our days for a little longer here, that we may learn to serve Him better than we have ever done before ; and to be able to render an account at last for all the blessings and the opportunities with which we have been favoured. The first thoughts, therefore of the NEW YEAR are praise to God, and sincere prayer that His wisdom may direct and His spirit strengthen and prepare us for all that awaits us. It is of the utmost importance that we begin the year right. Most solemnly let us reflect on the errors of the past, and guard up our strength so that they may not recur in the future. We cannot redeem the time we have lost or amend the laws we have broken. The past has been stained by many weaknesses and follies : let these suffice to teach us humility and greater care in the future. This is the only atonement we can make, and the only repentance we believe acceptable to God. We must begin, therefore, the new year with a freshness of resolution, and a sincerity of aim, and a watchfulness over our conduct which may shape a better future and give the right tone to what ought to be our whole life. Life is a book of which we can have but one edition. We cannot even turn back a single leaf to re-write it more wisely, to inscribe on its pages an example or a precept other than we have put down ; there it stands for ever. To-day, while it is to-day, we must do our best. This is not less the language of the truest wisdom than it is of the Bible. As the same opportunity for doing good can but once offer itself, let it be done. Once only we pass this way, and the scene, the day, and the chance presented for showing a kindness or performing a moral service must not

be neglected nor deferred, for it never comes again. We are marching on, the pilgrims of a divinely appointed journey ; and each year is but as a milestone in our course, marking the progress of time, while the improved feelings and the purer consciousness of our hearts ought to be recording a progress which can only be measured by the mind itself and the eye of God. Year follows year, and more than whispers to us that every year ought to find us, not simply nearer the grave of the body, but the home of the soul ; breathing a heavenlier spirit and living a more pure, peaceful, and Christ-like life. This may be our last, with its final earthly opportunities and plans of preparations for the great unseen world of spiritual realities and happiness. We would all like that the last year of our pilgrimage here should be one of unprecedented goodness and usefulness. Whatever folly or sin may have marked the former years, we must begin 1871 with higher and better aims, so that should this be the last we will try all along to make it the best ; but if spared, by the mercy of God, to see even another year, and another, that each one, in future, well improved, may contribute to place us in a still better position for holier thought and nobler life. We again wish the thousands of readers of this little serial the compliments of the season and all the happiness a well spent life shall secure.

"Take thy staff, O pilgrim,  
Haste, then, on thy way ;  
Let the morrow find thee  
Farther than to-day.  
If thou seek the city  
Of the Golden Street,  
Pause not on thy pathway,  
Rest not, weary feet.  
In thy heavenly journey  
Press with zeal along,  
Resting will but weary,  
Running make thee strong."



## A DETHRONED KING.

IN the magnificent palace of the city of Lemonde were great bustle and excitement. Every one of the many rooms glowed with light and brilliancy. Gay courtiers, in velvet and gold, hastened to and fro, giving orders to fleet-footed servants, who were busy cleansing, polishing, gilding, removing or covering anything that was old or worn, that all might look fresh, new, and beautiful. Every face was happy, showing pleased expectancy of a welcome guest. Night was drawing on, the work nearly done, and soon all that remained was to deck the rooms with bright greens and gay flowers. Bands of lovely white-robed maidens came into the halls, and, amid merry jest and laughter, their deft fingers wove wreaths and garlands till all the gorgeous rooms were softened by the loveliness of the flowers and fragrant with their sweetness.

Outside the night was clear and cold and still; but though the noise of the day was hushed, sleep was very far from the people that night; houses were made light as day by brilliant lights, and shed forth their radiance on the merry crowds in the streets, who, dressed in all festal array, were hurrying back and forth from the palace, hailing each other with a gay word or laugh, all happy, all eagerly expectant, for their new prince was to arrive at midnight, and each and all were ready with hearty welcome.

There was one room that night in the beautiful palace that bore no sign of festivity. Its door had not been opened, and courtier and servant alike passed by it without a thought. It was the Sentence Chamber of the King, the room where the proven guilty received the just sentence of punishment. It was a barren and gloomy room, in drear contrast to the brilliancy without, faintly lighted by a single candle, which served to show the figure of an old man standing before the dying embers on the hearth. He was a tall, majestic old man, with a grandly beautiful face; a face noble and powerful, but withal tender and sweet, the hoary hair and flowing silver beard giving a softness to the grandeur of the head. He needed not the ermine robes and jewelled crown he wore to mark his rank, he was every inch a king; each look and gesture spoke of royalty. He stood there, solitary, lonely, this grand old king;

hearing the song of revelry without, feeling keenly the dreariness of his own surroundings, his face grew pathetic in its sadness.

"It is ever the way in the world," he muttered. "To-day longs for to-morrow, and yesterday has no thought. The living supplant the dead, and the past is forgotten."

Memory looked back through the long vista of his reign to the time when he, in all the strength and freshness of youth, had first come to these courts, with his young life full of courage and hope and promise. He had taken the seat without a thought of him who had filled it before him, ruling ably and well, and who, according to the custom of Lemonde, had abdicated in his age in favour of the enterprise of youth, as now he in turn, after a happy reign, was giving up crown and sceptre to the young prince, whose feet were even now at the gate. The clock struck the half hour, and a shout of joy went up from the impatient crowd.

It startled the aged king, "It is time for me to go forth," he said. I must not be found here when the prince arrives." Slowly, with loving but not regretful looks, the monarch laid aside his gemmed and glittering crown, his purple and ermine robes of state, symbols of toil and weariness as well as royalty. Wrapping himself in a priest's cassock, with staff in hand, turning away from the show and splendour, the trials and weight of a nation's care, the old man went forth to find his rest. No one noticed him as he passed silently through the gay throngs, along the brilliant halls. Eager as they were for the promises the new prince would bring them, not one gave heed to the passing king.

The old man's heart was heavy. Among all the friends who had flattered him, who had besought his kindness, upon whom he had lavished gifts and benefits, was there not one who could spare a thought, who could feel a regret for the dethroned king? "It is better as it is," he said aloud. "Regrets are vain. It was thus with joy they welcomed me." As he stood a moment on the high marble steps, looking out over the wakeful city, and back into the beautiful flowery halls he should never again enter, his cowl fell back from his head, bringing out vividly the grand beauty of his kingly race, attracting the notice of many of the passing throng. At last a young girl



timidly approached him. "Sir, you are not in gala dress. Perhaps you know not to-night we wait the coming of our prince. You are, mayhap, a stranger here?" The old man looked at her sadly but kindly. "You have known me long and well; you have called me 'Eighteen Hundred Seventy.' I am the dying year." The girl uttered a cry and sank to her knees. "Ah, sire! thanks and blessings be to you! The greatest joys of my life have you brought me. It is the old year," she cried to her young husband; "the old year which brought us together." The cry had gone forth, "It is the Old Year," and the people pressed around the king. "You brought me back my husband who was lost at sea," cried one. "Kind new friends to me," said another. "To me this dear little one," cried a young mother, kissing the babe in her arms. "To me a fortune." To me much happiness," whispered a young lover to the blushing girl at his side. "You have brought us many pleasant, many valuable and learned books, and led us deeper in the paths of knowledge," said the men of letters and science. "You brought me much sorrow," murmured a pale, black-robed woman; but you taught me where to find consolation that has made life yet enjoyable." "You took from me all my possessions," said a strong, hard-working man, but showed me where treasure imperishable might be found." These were a few of the many comments made amid the general thanks and blessings that were showered upon the Old Year. Presently, as the clamour abated a little, he spoke:—"My friends, you have made me very happy. If my earnest endeavours among you have been at all successful I am truly thankful. Let me give you one word of counsel: Be true to the promise of allegiance you make your New Year, and you cannot fail to be happy. If I have brought you any joys or happiness, keep fresh, by their remembrance, the memory of the year 1870, who now leaves you to go down to his place among the buried years." At this moment the bell struck the hour of twelve. At its first stroke a mighty shout rose over the whole city. Then came the rush and dash of horse and chariot, and up the marble steps, in all his youth and glorious beauty, sprang the New Year. A cheer of welcome from the assembled people met him, and, amid singing and

shouting and ringing of bells, the young prince came into his kingdom.

When they remembered and turned to look for the Old Year he had disappeared from their sight, but a faint echo sounded in their ears—"May your New Year prove to you a happy one."—*Christian Register.*

#### ENCOURAGING SIGNS.

To a small and struggling Church, such as we the Unitarians are, every true and faithful word that can be spoken, to cheer and help each other on in the great reformatory work Divine Providence has placed in our hands, ought to be uttered; and no better time can be seized for this purpose than at the outset of a new year. A few years ago we had the privilege of spending some hours with one of the veteran ministers of our holy religion, now waiting the angel Death to bear him to his final reward and home, for he has done his work, and done it well. He said that in very early life he prayed to God that he might, among other things, labour and live to see (1) The repeal of those duties which hindered *free trade* among nations; (2) a *cheap newspaper* so that it might be in the homes of all our people; (3) a *revision of the Bible*, so that the people might have a translation of this holy book freed from the serious imperfections of the present authorised version; and (4) a large infusion of the popular element in the election of members of Parliament. Seventy years ago, to look forward to such a change, and to pray for it, appeared looking for a millennium, or, at least, the corner-stone of a new era in the history of England. We may say our old friend has lived to see virtually all he prayed and laboured for, and more than he ever dared, in the hour of his largest faith, expect to share. How little sign of such changes at the beginning of this century! Men asking for even less political justice than the people now enjoy were cut down in the streets. Freedom in trade and commerce was regarded as the certain ruin of our commonwealth. A cheap and untaxed newspaper, it was said, would defile and ruin the whole land. And the repeated demands to have the Bible freed from its glaring mistranslations were scouted as impiety against Heaven.

This day the dream of the visionary, as



it was called, is realised. A royal commission, or a royal command, has expressed the national will; and a great revolution has been effected which will make a greater revolution still. The horrid and disgusting scenes of warfare will pass away. There are children now living who shall welcome and see the day, when the nations shall beat their swords and spears into ploughshares and pruning hooks, and learn war *no more*.

As a church we are chiefly interested, next to our own purity, in the purity of Christian doctrine. We hold together for this object, and this, at present our shame, shall in the end be our chief glory. Some are, unfortunately, as the time draws near, leaving our ranks, or calling themselves by an indefinite name, for the sake of avoiding a temporary unpleasantness with some of their neighbours. Yet the good work goes bravely on. There is, over our country and in other countries, a band of honest, fearless, and outspoken men and women, who have openly nailed their banner aloft, and will never take it down till the victory over the errors and corruptions of the church is won, and then there will be neither "Bond nor Free Church," "High nor Low," "Broad nor Narrow," "Trinitarian nor Unitarian," but all one, THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, united in worship and love, with Christ the true and living Head.

We have in hand the work which will bring about that time. Shrinking from conflict with error will not hasten the day, nor calling a clearly defined truth by a more palatable name will not help the good cause. Unitarianism, which is the avowal of one God the Father and one Lord Jesus Christ, with the kindred doctrines of the sole worship of God, the dignity of human nature, the disavowal of vicarious sacrifice, and an endless hell, has made much headway during the present century. In short, all the great controversies of late years have their source in the progress of our doctrines, which are spreading rapidly, and leavening the whole Christian church. Whether we look to the east or the west, we find the same pleasing intelligence borne to us, that tens of thousands are rejecting the old Trinitarian creeds, and trusting themselves to a more simple faith and the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. State churches, which have anchored mankind down to

stereotyped forms, and made the honours and the livings in their churches dependent on subscription to their creeds, are now in the throes of a death-struggle—their doom is sealed over all the world; and the great incubus to free thought on matters of religion, both Pope and Prelacy sustained by states, will certainly be demolished; the end is near, and the truths of religion will then grapple with error on an open and impartial field, and no man need fear the results.

Already there are recriminations passing between the State church and the dissenters from it—among those who feel bound to defend Calvinistic forms of faith—about the cause of the decline of the old doctrines. The Church of England has been blamed for sheltering in its fold so many estranged from its Trinitarian doctrine: and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon recently said that "Nonconformity appears to me to be almost as badly riddled with philosophical infidelity. Those of whom we thought better things are turning aside one by one from the fundamentals of the faith. At first it was the doctrine of the eternity of future punishment that had to be given up; now it must be the very doctrine of the fall—first one thing, then another, the whole must go. They treat our doctrines as though they were all to be knocked down at their good pleasure when they choose to amend our theology. Through and through, I believe, the very heart of England is honeycombed with a damnable infidelity which dares still to go into the pulpit and call itself Christian."

Unquestionably the ruin of the old orthodoxy is going on, and very fast; and we have but to be faithful, honest, pure, and pious, and we thus prepare the way for a great crisis in the history of the Christian Church, which will bless the world with a true and rational theology, such as can blend science and religion, faith and reason, Christ and Humanity, into one common cause and universal church. Everywhere we would say to those who are sustaining the Unitarian cause, Hold your ground. The main army along the whole line is advancing, and your retreat will only cover yourselves with shame. Patience is needed, and perseverance is needed, and faith is needed, and more energy; and that success, for which we have waited and struggled, is sure to come. What immense



forces are with us! The spirit of the age, the humane tendencies of our times, increasing education, the better knowledge of the Bible, the critical examination of the earlier histories of the Church, the progress of science, the aspirations of the human heart, and the general longing for greater Christian unity, are all on our side. To those who are noble-minded, weary it may be, and cast down through local difficulties and small success, we say, toil on, be faithful to the last, your crown of glory is sure, the struggle draws to an end. And even to the timid and worldly-wise, who are looking about to join the ranks of success, we can say to you, that ours is the winning cause.

#### NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,  
Spoken so low that only angels heard,  
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,  
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes :  
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,  
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,  
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,  
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear :  
It is not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night,  
Over soiled robes which once were pure and white,  
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,  
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole :  
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,  
When dreams had less of self and more of truth,  
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet,  
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet :  
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,  
So seldom guessed, so little understood ;  
The quiet, steadfast love, that strove to win  
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin :  
These are not lost.

Not lost, oh, Lord, for in thy city bright  
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light ;  
And things long hidden from our gaze below  
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know  
They were not lost.

THE DEVIL.—We find the following terse epigram on the title-page of De Foe's quaint old work, "The History of the Devil :—"

"Bad as he is, the devil may be abus'd,  
Be falsely charged, and carelessly accus'd ;  
Where men, unwilling to be blamed alone,  
Shift off those crimes on him which are  
their own."

This is very true, but the devil may console himself with the fact that, although he may often be offered as an excuse for crime, he is never accepted as one.

#### CLARA'S NEW YEAR.

By T. F. BUSH.

"O, RICHARD ! I wish you were not going to make those calls to-day."

"Why, Clara, how absurd. Do you want me to shut myself up like a hermit ? No ; for your sake, Clara, dear, I must keep up with society, for when we are married I want to introduce you to the choicest circle in the city."

"Choice ! Ah, yes ; the drinkers of wine, the guzzlers of punch, constitute much of the choice society of this grand city. Oh, Richard ! when I remember last year, the terrible end of the day which began so happily, no wonder I dread your going the same rounds. The scar is still on your brow of that fall, when you reeled down Mrs. Payne's steps, entirely overpowered by that one glass too much which lovely Miss Payne put to your very lips. Do you wonder I shrink from the day's ordeal for you ?"

The colour surged into Richard Rae's brown cheek and brow, and the scar upon his forehead flamed out bright blood-red.

"You are too severe, Clara. I am stronger now than I was then. I have drank very little the last year in obedience to your prejudices."

"Prejudices, do you call them? Where is my beautiful Harry, my brother—the pride and hope of our home? An outcast. Where is our Julia? Condemned to drag on a weary, miserable life in an obscure home, because she will not leave the man who in the pride and joy of her youth she promised to love and honour. This she can no longer do, for can a woman continue to respect and love a man she sees a reeling drunkard, all sense, reason, aye, and delicacy—that surest hold upon a true woman's heart—driven out of him by an insatiate thirst for corrupting liquor? No, Richard Rae ; the marriage bond is a mockery, aye, and worse, when either the husband or wife degrade themselves from the sphere of humanity by the vice of intemperance, and I never will run the risk of being placed in the same position with Julia. I never will marry any but a strictly temperate man."

Again the hot blood flamed up into Richard Rae's cheek and brow, the red scar flashed almost luridly out as he asked in no very gentle tone :—

"Do you mean to threaten me, Clara ?



because if you do you are mistaking your policy. If you do not love me well enough to marry me as I am now, it is better we should both understand it."

Clara Carnes stood for a few moments like a statue, pale and motionless. She was evidently struggling with almost overpowering emotion. After a little time she controlled herself, and going one step nearer to Richard, she laid her trembling hand upon his arm.

"It is almost a question of life and death with me, Richard. You need not be told how I love you, and as you are now as you have been the last year, I would willingly unite my fate with yours. But this has been a year of trial, of probation. It does not end till to-morrow night. Do you wonder I fear for what this day may bring about—another such scene as occurred last New Year's? And we must part. I will never consent voluntarily to endure what I did then, though a horror once a year only might be borne one would think; but once a year—then twice a year—then quarterly—then monthly—finally all happiness wrecked, and not happiness alone, but everything that makes life a boon."

"You feel so much about this, Clara, I am almost tempted to give up these calls; but then I promised Haley and Temple to go with them."

"And you care more for disappointing them than paining me?" asked Clara, with trembling lip.

"No, of course not; but the truth is, Clara, I want to show you I am master of myself, and not even the fascinations of Miss Payne shall tempt me this year to go beyond my depth. I will make the calls upon those I am most anxious to preserve as friends, and you shall see me at six o'clock. I wish you were going to 'receive' to-day. It seems morbid and dull for you all alone here."

"With father and mother away seeking health and finding none, such dark clouds hanging over us, I could not feel much like going through the heartless ceremony of receiving New-Year calls."

"Oh, but if you had asked Susy and Kate to be here with you, and had just admitted a few of your 'particulars,' you know, it would have been pleasant all round."

A sound of stamping hoofs in the street attracted their attention, and, looking out, Rae saw his two friends. He shrugged

his shoulders, and then throwing his arm around Clara's waist he pressed her fondly to his heart and murmured in her ear:—

"Never fear; the remembrance of you will keep me all right. You will see me early, only greet me with a smile when I return, and say I have fairly won the prize it is my highest ambition to possess." One kiss and he was gone. Clara watched with beating heart the merry greeting between Richard and his two friends. She caught his farewell glance and smiled; then threw herself on the lounge and wept such tears—a pent-up flood that had been gathering for months, and been kept back only by her strong will and earnest self-control. Such a flood of emotions came thronging upon her: her mother's broken health, broken by the bitter disappointment of her hopes in her only son, her idol Harry, her beautiful first-born, the pride of her heart, the hope of his father, tempted and yielding while in college, but struggling on, getting his profession and entering upon it with every outward prospect of success. But the demon appetite had got a footing in his heart, and month by month won one post after another, till clients were driven away, debts contracted, honour gone, and the demon carried him off to be a wanderer on the face of the earth. The blighted mother pined from that hour. Then came Julia's brilliant marriage, which brightened their home for a time, till it became evident that the one she had chosen from her many suitors was also a victim to the fashionable vice—that he drank too deep and had not strength to master the habit. The carriage was given up, the elegant house sold, the furniture, her father's gift, put into a smaller one. That soon went, and the once happy woman was glad to hide her wretchedness and disgrace in a country home, where she could live upon a small allowance her father gave her.

Clara might have sat there all day brooding over the past, dreading the coming whose shadow was already stretching over her; but she remembered in her own sorrow the sorrow of another. She thought of the poor mother whose unburied child waited for the garments she had promised to furnish; and of the poor penitent whose last "New Year" had come, and to whom she could read words of hope, comfort, and support from the "Book of Books." So she threw off her own grief, praying for strength



to meet all that might come, and went out to find comfort in that blessed ministering to others which is sure always to turn forth the silver lining.

"Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart  
And hands that are able and willing."

And so Clara threw the shuttle here and there, as she went from one sad home to another, drawing in threads of faith, love, and charity, till the tapestry of the day became bright and beautiful, and the morning's sorrow was only remembered as a delicate shading. Blessings followed her from every place she visited. She did not return home till the early twilight, and then ran hastily up stairs to dress that she might be ready to welcome Richard. The clock was striking five as she entered the house; at six she was in the parlour, buoyant, happy, and trusting, for all fears had faded before the power of her own good works. She read the letters and papers which had come for her. Seven strokes sounded out on the still, cold air. Clara started up, went to the window, back again, took up her paper, read a little, went to her piano; spite of herself she could bring from the grand instrument only minor chords, which seemed full of grief and tears; sometimes a passionate complaint would leap from the keys. She tried to strike a joy-note, but she could not, and she gave up the attempt. The summons for tea came. She obeyed it and made a miserable pretence of enjoying it.

Eight o'clock! how that old clock would keep striking. She took down a volume of poems; unfortunately the first thing she opened at was the "Gambler's Wife," that song with which Russell used to thrill and agonise his audience. She closed the book and began a steady walk up and down the room. She starts, and hears some one at the door fumbling at the latch-key, then a step in the hall, unsteady, irregular; a knock against the door, which, not being latched, yields, and Richard Rae falls into the room. He recovers himself, however, and comes towards her; she looks at him spell-bound. Can it be?—are those lack-lustre eyes his?

"Ah, my girl, here you are!

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine."

He evidently did not know her. What should she do? she could not let him stay here. She rang the bell. Minerva, who

answered it, was frightened at her deadly pallor.

"Call a carriage, and go home with Mr. Rae. See that he goes safely to his room."

The carriage came to the door.

"You must go, Mr. Rae."

"Yes, when?"

"You must go now."

He was beginning to be stupid now, and he was led out; and the door which shut upon him shut also upon every hope in Clara Carnes' heart. Her agony those know who have been made to realise that their dearest and best is lost to them. It was a fearful struggle she went through, but her resolution was taken; she would never see Richard Rae again.

Fortunately Clara was soon summoned to be with her mother in her last illness. Then her father wanted to go abroad to get away from his sad home. She accompanied him. They remained abroad three years. They returned to their home on New Year's eve. The next evening, as Clara was sitting alone in the parlour, a host of memories conjured up by the time and place, the door opened, and, just as in the long ago, Richard Rae came in.

With earnest words he pleaded to be heard. He told of the horror which had come upon him when he realised what had passed in that room four years ago. His suffering led him to a sense of his danger. He saw that he must stop then and there. He had never tasted a glass of any kind of stimulating beverage since that night, and every leisure moment had been given to redeem the fallen, thus to atone for his own sin.

The smouldering embers of affection kindled in Clara's heart as she listened. She forgot what had been, and from this time New Year's evening became her happiest, as it had once been her saddest, anniversary.

#### BEAUTY.

BEAUTIFUL faces, they that wear  
The light of a pleasant spirit; there  
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do  
The work of the noble, good, and true,  
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go,  
Swiftly, to lighten another's woe,  
Through summer's heat or the winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,  
Who walk the pathways sweet and pure  
That lead to the mansions strong and sure.

—*Child's Own Magazine.*





LONGTON CHAPEL.



## NEW UNITARIAN CHAPEL, LONG- TON, STAFFORDSHIRE.

A SMALL and faithful band of Unitarian friends at Longton opened, in October, 1870, a very handsome chapel, capable of holding upwards of two hundred persons. Neat and beautiful as are the internal arrangements of the chapel, still more imposing is the building viewed from the outside, and quite an ornament to the town. The whole cost is considerably within £1000, owing to the hearty way in which some of the friends there have, with their own hands, laboured for the erection of this chapel; much of the work was done gratuitously. The debt on the chapel is about £200, and we hope our wealthier people, who ought to be proud of those efforts going on among the working classes to have a religious home of their own, will help in a liberal way to lift this burden from the shoulders of a few men who are ill able to bear it. George Melly, Esq., M.P. for that district, laid the foundation stone, and was present at the opening. His words on that occasion are worthy of constant remembrance:—

“The necessity of this building can need but slight justification at my hands. That a few earnest worshippers in the old faith

‘To the Father, through the Son,  
Did the ancient ritual run,’

should have been for years compelled, by the paucity of their numbers and the slender capacity of their purses, to conduct their Sunday services in a public-house parlour, is reason sufficient and ample for the exertions you have made.

\* \* \* \*

“We dedicate this little chapel to the ‘Lord God merciful and gracious,’ Lord of heaven and earth—our Father who is in heaven—and by the teaching and example of Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord and Saviour, we hope to purify our own lives and to enable many to inherit the mansions which he has gone to prepare for those who love him, and who show their love in keeping his commandments. This is our confession of faith, and this the simple creed which will here be taught.

\* \* \* \*

“In the hope and belief that the truth as it is in our Lord Jesus Christ will be taught in this chapel, that its members will endeavour to emulate the deeds of

their ancestors in the faith, and with the earnest prayer that the blessing of Almighty God may rest upon our work, I have laid the corner stone of this new temple for the worship of God.

‘Only hoping, watching still,  
Lonely light on lonely hill;  
Scattered churches here and there,  
Echo the old church’s prayer;  
Pray as when the church was one,  
To the Father, through the Son.’”

## THE FREE RELIGIONISTS.

THE Christian religion, as proclaimed by Jesus Christ, is the ultimate statement of that primeval faith of the human race by a divine messenger and Saviour to mankind. All the ancient religions were founded on the same realities that finally were absorbed into this perfect faith. The Hebrew religion moved along the same track. Christianity is the natural, logical, divine completion of the revelation God has imparted to every soul, and the vast majority of mankind have, in theory, accepted it as true. It teaches that God makes the universe; is the life of the material world, the divine inspiration of the soul; the Father, Sovereign, Judge of man and all combinations of men. It declares man’s supreme duty is to love God, and love man—God’s child. It makes the whole duty of man love and self-sacrifice: the love of God and the love of the neighbour as of self. It offers Jesus Christ as the divine being sent by God to tell the good news, and show the way to salvation—a character and person so lifted above all other teachers and messengers that his gospel and life are a sufficient guidance to all men, in all time. The Bible is the great record of this universal revelation of God. The record of this revelation is proven true for scholars by the usual means of verifying any ancient series of books. The revelation itself is proved essentially true, and good for all sorts of men, in all circumstances; good for all ages, good for past and present, by its actual results in the world. It is proved good for the future by the fact that its gospel of love is the only one that can destroy the slavery of sin and superstitions of men, and make this world a kingdom of heaven; and it opens a future life, in which the soul shall be able to realise all it longs for of wisdom, beauty, love, under the providence of God, the infinite Father.



There has always been in the world a class of "Free Religionists" who have adopted a radically opposite theory of religion. They assume at the outset the attitude of the Deity. All knowledge is accessible only from themselves, and is only an outcome of their own souls. God, man, soul, matter, society—all things exist only as they can be measured, mapped and labelled by their individual reasoning power. In short, they enthrone the human intellectual power—only one of the faculties of man and that not the highest—as God over all the other faculties of the soul, even competent to declare they do not exist and are unreliable. "Free Religion" thus turns out to be the deification of the intellectual power of man in the person of every individual in humanity. The whole contrast between these opposite systems may be summed up in one statement—Christianity; the ultimate faith of a healthy humanity, the complement of all productive religion that ever was, revolves about the faith that God made man. "Free or radical religion," the ultimate result of the investigations of this class of philosophers from the foundation of the world, declares that every individual man creates his own god. In one system, God is the Father of man; in the other, man is the Father of God. The alternative presented, worship the God revealed by Jesus Christ, or each man of you make a god of yourself, and bow down in self-admiration for evermore.

The "Free Religionists" claim superiority in intellect, and complain of Christendom that it is not intellectual. The fact is that they at the outset destroy every possibility of the noblest culture, by exalting a secondary faculty to the infallible throne of their life. The higher side of man is his affection, his imagination, his conscience, his intuitive reason, his will and active powers. His reasoning or intellectual powers are, at best, the foreground of his nature. But the "Free Religionists" subject all the other faculties of the soul to the reason. Instead of getting into the open universe of freedom, they simply tie themselves to the stake of their own infallible intellect, and go wandering round and round their own little circle of individual observation.

The basis of all religion is the faith in God. Christianity, in the person of Jesus

Christ, has given the world the highest idea of God yet held by man: the one infinite spirit of perfect love, "one God and Father of all, above all, through all, and in you all." It is invariably the case that when a man who has once held this glorious faith of Christ cuts adrift from it, he has but one landing place—the deification of himself. This "Free Religious" movement began among a band of young men reared in the most enlightened and spiritual circles of Christian belief. At first they proclaimed that they rejected the Lord Jesus Christ because he prevented their spiritual worship of God and their communion with the Holy Spirit. The "personal communion with the Spirit" was the burden of their preaching. Not a generation has passed, and where do we find these men? All the leading spirits are either on the high road to, or are already landed in, Pantheism. Their president distinctly says that he does not believe in a God that has any concern for private persons, who hears prayers, who guides nations. Their writings continually assail the Christian idea of a personal Father of man. God, they tell us, can not be found outside the laws of the universe. He is unconscious, and they cannot speak for his morals or his character—if, indeed, he has any. In short, the current is all one way, and is drifting these men into a materialistic or spiritual Pantheism.

But we only yet see what this infatuation can do for men born and bred in Christianity. Men who have cut loose from Christian faith cannot at once shear off the amenities and virtues inherited from a long line of pious and godly ancestors, or resist the atmosphere of Christian morality about them. But give us a generation of children raised up in the new faith, and we shall behold a new aspect: that utter loosening of the masses, of boundless demoralisation to which whole classes of people bred to atheism and self-worship have already come.

Every Christian sect believes the education of the young should be founded on religious instruction, holding that the nobler and divine side of man should be kept healthy, as the sole condition that the training of the intellect shall not become a curse. They differ as to the means and methods of this education. But the "Free Religious" philosophers make a clean sweep,



not only denouncing the Bible reading in the public schools, but insisting that education itself, public or private, shall be essentially secular. That means that a child shall be brought up in the idea that his intellect is his chief glory, shall be placed before all sciences and arts without the slightest prepossession in favour of God or any great fact of the religious life. "Science" consists in ignoring all the higher facts of the universe, and making his own intellectual yardstick the measure of all things.

We are apologetically told by those who strangely countenance and uphold this system of public disorganisation, that its apostles are the natural results of the despotism and bigotry and defiance of reason in the Christian Church. That is partly true. The Catholic, and too much the Protestant Churches and priesthoods, have often insisted on a blind faith, misunderstood human nature, disowned reason, and insisted on the infallibility of Churches and creeds, till multitudes of unreflecting people have been flung off into the circle of scepticism, where they are the fit material for such teachers to manipulate. But surely an educated, reasonable man, need not execute this flight from the upper to the nether pole of theology. The religion of Jesus Christ, as proclaimed by himself and his great apostles, contains no such defamation of human nature and reason, no such claim for the infallibility of human creeds and Churches as this. It is the religion of love, of the law of perfect liberty. It says, until man has come into true relations with God, and done justice to his higher and divine nature, he cannot use liberty or any opportunity aright. Let a man set up his own interest as the law of his life, and he ties his manhood forever to the most hopeless slavery to self. Let him reach upward to God, follow the best he knows, cast himself upon the Son of God, love God and man, or love the best he can know of God, and he gets out of himself, and is on the way to liberty and light in the eternal life.

Let our young men and women reject this pretentious religion of self-assertion, that comes to them arrayed in the graces of rhetoric and the pretence of an infallible science. It is only the old song the serpent sang in Eden: "Reject Almighty God, and ye shall be as gods." You are not gods, you are the children of the ever living,

ever loving Father. You cannot cultivate yourselves to perfection. You can only be great, and good, and beautiful by following and being inspired by the loftiest soul of all the ages. And that soul is your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who will lead you to salvation in this world and in every world in the eternal life of love to man and love to God.

A. D. MAYO.

#### A NEW YEAR'S FAIRY-TALE.

"SISTER! sister! a Happy New Year!" and Grace waked, with Frank's merry little voice in her ear:—"Come, sister, I want you to dress me; it is snowing, and I am going to play in the garden."

The children were quickly dressed by the light of their little safety-lamp, and went softly down stairs. Little Frank ran out of the front-door, just as the first grey light began to steal over the sky; while Grace stood at the parlour window to watch Frank's frolics in the snow. It had not been snowing long; the ground was scarcely covered; and just as a thought passed through Grace's mind that she wished it would not snow, she saw such a wonderful sight that she could think of nothing else.

Seated on each flake, as it fell, was a tiny fairy; and, as fast as their light little cars touched the ground they sprang up, and busied themselves with a great many different things. She saw two or three on Frank's cheek, painting it a brighter red, and two or three more were painting the hands of old Philip, who came to shovel the path. One was riding back and forth on a withered leaf that had not yet fallen, and others were running up Philip's steep shovel.

As Grace watched them she thought of a quiet corner in the sunny churchyard near by, where, when the summer roses were sweetest, they had laid darling Willie, like a precious seed that was to spring up and blossom for ever in the paradise of God. And as she thought of it she wondered what the fairies were doing there. In a moment her cloak was thrown over her shoulders, and away she went on—on—to the little mound she knew so well. She sat down on a mossy stone to watch the pretty creatures. The snow had almost done falling, and the east had begun to redden; and then, on the largest snow-flake, Grace saw the Queen of the Fairies



descend, till the white car rested on Willie's grave. At her command they soon brushed away the snow from it; and then Grace saw, what she had not noticed before, that some of them bore small seeds in their hands.

The queen said, "This is fitting soil for our tender seeds; Grace has watered it all summer with the tears of love, and now will they spring up in beauty." Then the fairies dropped the little seeds in the ground; and some brought round water-drops, and others gleams of sunlight from the sun, which just then peeped above the horizon. It seemed to Grace that round the little grave it was no longer winter. The air was soft and mild, and the sunshine was as warm as in May. She looked attentively at the sods; and she saw, wherever the seeds had been planted, that the earth was stirred. Presently she saw two faint green leaves spring up at each of these places; and, as she watched them she saw them throw out leaf after leaf, and rise higher and higher, while all the time the fairies brought the sun-rays and water-drops. And now a new wonder! On each plant was a beautiful bud, that expanded and enlarged, and finally burst into a perfect flower. Grace had seen lovely flowers before; but the three varieties which bloomed from Willie's grave were as much more beautiful than they as the rose is than the ugly weed.

One was of a beautiful rose-colour, with shining, green leaves, and its roots were firm in the ground, so that it could hardly be shaken; another seemed as if the fairies had dipped their brushes in the deep blue of the sky, to give the hue to its graceful petals, while its fragrance was so delicious that the air was laden with it. The third had an almost indescribable charm. It was very small; but it gave to Grace the idea of a clear, steady eye, gazing directly upon her. The other two flowers nodded on their stalks, and bent to the ground; but this one looked directly up into heaven. Its fragrance did not fill the air like the other; but, when Grace stooped to inhale it, she hardly knew which of the two odours was the richer.

Then the Fairy-Queen came near to Grace, and said, "These flowers grow so richly here because you have watered the spot with your tears. Now shall you learn what they are." Grace gazed upon the

queen; for she had never seen anything so fair. She was white and sparkling as the flake on which she had descended, and her face was full of happiness and love. She plucked two of each of the flowers, and breathed upon them. "Now," said she, "they will keep fresh, if you do as I tell you, and will wither when you neglect your duty. The first flower is Hope; it droops whenever you are sad and desponding; but you must let the fragrance of this third flower, Faith, breathe upon it, and it will revive again. The second flower is Love. It is the most fragrant of all; but it will lose its scent when you are selfish or unkind. If you want to keep them beautiful as they are now hide them next your heart, and consult them when you are in doubt: they will teach you lessons of pure wisdom, and fill your life with fragrance." She left a kiss on Grace's cheek; and, ere she could begin to thank her, she had vanished with all her train. The little mound was covered with snow, and looked bleak and bare as the rest of the churchyard; and Grace would have thought that she had been dreaming, if, pressed close to her heart, she had not held the fairy's gift.

As she passed along home her friends who met her said to each other, "Where can Grace have been so early?—she looks full of happiness; but she is not merry." When she reached home her mother met her at the door. Grace understood what the tear meant that shone in her eye, as she kissed her, and wished her a Happy New Year; and she whispered, as she took one of each of the flowers from her heart, "Place these next your own heart, dear mother: they have grown on Willie's grave." Then as the mother took them she saw, as Grace did, that Willie enjoyed a happier new year than he had ever done on earth; and the odour of the eye-like Faith-flower dried the tears on her cheek, while the bloom of the blue flower of Love brightened and expanded as they joined together in their morning devotions.

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CHURCH LIFE.—The late Dr. Bethune wrote to his Consistory these memorable words: "We can never despair of a Church that puts the cause of mercy first and itself second." Again he says: "I would as soon try to cultivate a farm without rain as a Church without benevolence," and, "I hate to be economical with the Bread of Life."



## THE REV. CHARLES VOYSEY.

## THE POSITION OF CHURCH REFORMERS.

THE case of Mr. Voysey is now attracting a large share of attention. To the very natural question, "Why do you, Mr. Voysey, stay in a church from which you so essentially differ?" he has replied in a way which challenges remark. He says, no church is so free as the Church of England. How strangely we differ in our ideas about freedom! A free Church, and requires subscription to a large number of inexplicable articles. That dictates the very lessons you must daily read, whatever be the circumstances or the times. That has drawn up a form of prayers from which you must not depart. That has inserted in the midst of your devotion some most absurd creeds. That denies you the privilege of interchange of pulpits with the most pious and learned men. That can at the whim of one man, as Mr. Voysey knows, suspend you from preaching. And so we might go on through a hundred particulars. Heavens! how some men get perverted notions, and call slavery freedom, and wrong right. The writer of this article heard a gentleman of position, in one of the government offices, say some time ago, that the word of a clergyman on any important question in his branch of the government was always doubted, while the grocer or draper of the town or village was infinitely more trusted. Nor can we wonder, for things have come to a worse pass in the English Church than the blundering we have just noted. It is well known that clergymen are counselled, even by their chiefs, to say they agree to certain doctrines of religion and confessions of faith, when in their hearts they utterly disagree from them, for they cannot be installed without this apparent conformity. We call this a most demoralising state of affairs, and we know not to what this insincerity may lead. Then, again, a large class of ministers who subscribe, thinkingly or unthinkingly, to the articles to-day and differ from them to-morrow, and differ from the prayers they must repeat, and differ from the creeds they must publicly utter; they are told that the proper place for them is the church, to hold on amid broken covenants, heartless prayers, and insincere professions. How would this do in any other

service, even the most secular? The conscience of the sheer secularist would flinch from such ordeals. And then we have the old base plea set up that men may do evil that good may come. They will reform the church and bend it to the spirit of the age. We had thought that all such pleas for the lack of open, manly conduct had been long exploded. We wish more of the old nonconformist spirit that lived in the hearts of the noble two thousand, who when advised to stay in the church that they might ultimately reform the articles, bravely replied that the advancement of God's truth needed no man's lie, and if it did they were not the men to reform the world that way. We should certainly have had no reformation at all upon the principles that govern the would-be reformers of the present day. We write these lines with the greatest pain, and we are grieved that in our own Unitarian body there should be so much sympathy with the method pursued by so many church ministers. There was a time when we regarded no heresy so bad as a want of moral principle and sincerity. We fear we are just now falling below that mark, because we have some sympathy with the doctrinal changes those church reformers would make. What friendship would be shown a minister in one of our pulpits trying to carry our church over to Trinitarianism? Although he might never have subscribed to our creed at all, but was installed perfectly free, and conjured to exercise his freedom whithersoever it might lead him. Yet there is a limit to consistency of position, though none to thought. We may put the most charitable construction on the inconsistent conduct of the men under review, for we fancy we see the rock on which they make shipwreck of a pure conscience. They have the reformation of the church at heart, and they live for that purpose. But we must remind them, in the language of the Rev. James Martineau, that life and its opportunities are given to us, not for what we can do so much as what we can be. And it is of the first importance, not only for a minister, but for every man, to be an honest man, a keeper of covenants, and sincere in all his professions.

ASSUMED GRAVITY.—The more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint.—*Lavater.*



### OVERLOOKED LESSONS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THERE are many commands and pieces of advice in the New Testament which we can only make useful to ourselves if we take the trouble to take into account the changed circumstances, and translate them from the language of the Apostles' time into the language of to-day. Thus, Paul says that he is not ashamed of Christianity, and wishes all to be equally bold in such a good cause. But, in a Christian country like ours it requires no courage for us to own that we are Christians. We must remember that when Paul wrote the Christians were a small sect, like the Unitarians now; and, if we would profit by the Apostle's advice, we must not be ashamed to own that we are Unitarians, and not try to shelter ourselves from reproach under the name of Free Christians, or under any other unmeaning and indistinct name. So, again, Jesus said, "How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of Heaven?" He probably meant, how hard is it, among other things, for a rich man to join the little band of disciples who were then entering upon the great attempt to reform the religion of the world. Had he lived among us he would, perhaps, have said, "How hard is it for a rich man to own that he is a Unitarian." And the least observation proves the truth of the remark. Again, Jesus said, "Beware of the leaven of Pharisees," a command which modern readers are little aware is very appropriate to many of themselves. In modern language it means, Beware of that aim after worldly respectability in matters of religion which sadly interferes with earnestness and usefulness. Beware of that religious decency which forbids a man to worship in a small room and with a humble congregation, and makes him go to a Trinitarian church rather than enter a Unitarian chapel, unless it is a handsome building with a good organ and an eloquent or learned preacher. The leaven of the Pharisees is explained to be hypocrisy, and it is simple hypocrisy among ourselves which makes rich people join their fellow-worshippers at the ceremonial Lord's Supper, but keeps them away from the congregational tea meeting. They accept the ceremonial appearance of being social with those less wealthy than them-

selves, but refuse the reality. Jesus said, "Use not vain repetitions as the heathen do," and we, in the same spirit, should say, "Do not imitate the Church of England Liturgy with its artificial responses." In this way we should endeavour to translate the language of the New Testament, and only in this way can we gain the full benefit from its precepts.

### OUR MASTER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,  
For ever flowing free,  
For ever shared, for ever whole,  
A never ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name  
All other names above;  
Love only knoweth whence it came,  
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow  
The mists of earth away!  
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show  
How wide and far we stray!

Hush every lip, close every book,  
The strife of tongues forbear;  
Why forward reach, or backward look,  
For love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps,  
To bring the Lord Christ down:  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,  
The lineaments restore  
Of him we know in outward shape  
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign;  
The world's long hope is dim;  
The weary centuries watch in vain  
The clouds of Heaven for Him.

Death comes, life goes, the asking eye  
And ear are answerless;  
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky  
Is sad with silentness.

The letters fail, and systems fall,  
And every symbol wanes;  
The Spirit over-brooding all  
Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in Heaven above  
Or earth below they look,  
Who know with John his smile of love,  
With Peter his rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense  
Of sorrow over sin;  
He is his own best evidence;  
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,  
Nor dreams of bards and seers,  
Nor dead fact stranded on the shore  
Of the oblivious years.



But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he ;  
And faith has still its Olivet  
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain ;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said  
Our lips of childhood frame,  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all !  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us : thy purity  
Doth all our lusts condemn ;  
The love that draws us nearer thee  
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight :  
And naked to thy glance,  
Our secret sins are in the light  
Of thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress  
Thy tender light shines in ;  
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,  
Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,  
Thou dost our service own :  
We bring our varying gifts to thee,  
And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,  
Its joys and pains, belong ;  
The wrong of man to man on thee  
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates thee, who loves becomes  
Therein to thee allied ;  
All sweet accords of hearts and homes  
In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,  
Within our earthly sod,  
Most human and yet most divine,  
The flower of man and God !

O Love ! O Life ! Our faith and sight  
Thy presence maketh one :  
As through transfigured clouds of white  
We trace the noon-day sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,  
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,  
We know in thee the fatherhood  
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray ;  
But, dim or clear, we own to thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way !

The homage that we render thee  
Is still our Father's own :  
Nor jealous claim or rivalry  
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,  
As words are less than deeds,  
And simple trust can find thy ways  
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,  
No place for me and mine ;  
Our human strength is weakness, death  
Our life, apart from thine.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,  
All labour vainly done ;  
The solemn shadow of thy Cross  
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable !  
Thy saving name is given ;  
To turn aside from thee is hell,  
To walk with thee is heaven !

How vain, secure in all thou art,  
Our noisy championship !—  
The sighing of the contrite heart  
Is more than flattering lip.

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,  
Nor thine the zealot's ban :  
Thou well canst spare a love of thee  
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,  
What may thy service be ?—  
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,  
But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,  
We pile no graven stone ;  
He serves thee best who loveth most  
His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices  
Of love and gratitude ;  
Thy sacramental liturgies,  
The joy of doing good.

#### THE LOST SHEEP.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold ;  
And one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold :  
Away on the mountains wild and bare—  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine ;  
Are they not enough for thee ?"  
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine  
Has wandered away from me ;  
And although the road be rough and steep,  
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed-ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed ;  
Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed  
through,

Ere he found his sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert he heard its cry,  
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the  
way,

That mark out the mountain's track ?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."

"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn ?"  
"They were pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,

There rose a cry to the gates of heaven,

"Rejoice, I have found my sheep !"

And the angels echoed around the throne,

"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own !"



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**RICHES.**—The gate of heaven is not to be broken open with a golden hammer.

**A NEW YEAR'S HINT.**—Do not forget that while you fold your hands, time folds not up its wings. —*Fawcett.*

**FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.**—Hallam tells us that a letter written in 1399 was probably one of the earliest instances of female penmanship in England.

**A GENTLE HINT.**—The Rev. James Patterson on one occasion said: "Brethren, if the Lord will only keep me humble, I will trust you to keep me poor."

**A CHILD'S FACE.**—No statuary that the rich man ever placed in his window is to be compared with the little expectant face pressed against the window-pane watching for "papa" when his day's labour is done.

**NEW, NOT OLD.**—A little boy sat alone, when a new physician came to see his sick mother. The doctor naturally wished to make acquaintance, and said: "How old are you, my son?" "I am not old, I am new," said the boy.

**CALVINIST OR ARMINIAN?**—An impulsive young man at a church revival meeting the other night prayed that God would bless the two young ladies between whom he had been sitting, "especially the one on the right." —*Christian Union.*

**LOVE, LIVE, AND BE.**—Dogmas bear about as close relation to virtue as drugs to health. Ceremonies have quite as little to do with piety as cordials and cosmetics with physical vigour and beauty. The great thing is what a man loves, and lives, and is.

**TAKE YOUR CHILDREN TO CHURCH.**—A little boy wanted to go to church with his parents. "You are not big enough, my son," his father said. "Well, when I get bigger I may not want to go." Papa saw the point of the boy's remark, and concluded to take him along.

**PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.**—"I remember," says the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she, 'if I had told him but nineteen times I should have lost all my labour.'"

**WHAT DOES IT OPPOSE?**—The Baltimore *Christian Advocate* is a very frank paper. In arguing against Unitarianism, it concedes that "the doctrine of the Trinity—the absolute Godhead of Christ and the Spirit, yet unity and indivisibility of God—is the most incomprehensible, contradictory, and absolutely unthinkable of all theological propositions."

**THE PROPER TIME.**—An Eastern banker, whose name is very familiar to the public, in early life resolved to take the patriarch Jacob's pledge, "Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee." He directed his clerk to open an account with O. P. J. (Old Patriarch Jacob), and to credit to it one-tenth of all the commissions that came into the office. For years this banker has been one of the largest operators in the country, and the thousands placed to the credit of O. P. J. have been faithfully applied to benevolent and charitable objects.

**FAITH.**—"What is faith? Not an opinion, nor any number of opinions put together, be they ever so true. A string of opinions is no more Christian faith than a string of beads is Christian holiness." —*Wesley.*

**PERSECUTIONS.**—Robertson says:—"There is a persecution sharper than the axe. There is an iron that goes into the heart deeper than the knife. Cruel sneers, and sarcasms, and pitiless judgment, and cold-hearted calumnies—these are persecutions."

**EDITORIAL PREACHING.**—The *Reveil* recommends the clergy to warn the people that if they die when fighting against the Prussians they will go straight to heaven; without any purgatorial difficulty or delay; but that if they keep aloof from the ramparts of France they will go with terrible swiftness to a very different place.

**SCIENCE AND RELIGION.**—As knowledge advances science ceases to scoff at religion, and religion ceases to frown on science. The hour of mockery by the one, and of reproof by the other, is passing away. Henceforth they will dwell together in unity and good-will. They will mutually illustrate the wisdom, power, and grace of God. Science will adorn and enrich religion; and religion will ennoble and sanctify science.

**CHARLES LAMB.**—Barry Cornwall (B. W. Proctor) says Charles Lamb was by education and habit an Unitarian. Indeed he was a true Nonconformist in all things. He was not a dissenter by imitation, nor from obstinate heresy; nor was he made servile and obedient by formal logic alone. His reasoning always rose and streamed through the heart. We are prouder of Charles Lamb's Unitarianism than we should be of the fellowship of a score of kings and archbishops.

**RELIGIOUS GAMBLERS REPROVED.**—The people of Yokohama, Japan, had a little excitement over a proposition to pay for a church organ by making the organ the capital of a lottery scheme. But the public sentiment revolted against the idea of serving the interests of religion by gambling, and the Government prohibited the enterprise. The *Japan Mail* says: "The easy virtue of the Christian, thus publicly rebuked by the paternal care of the Pagan Government, is a slur we shall not easily forget, and a reprimand by which we may well be stung." Those benighted Pagans did not consider religious gambling any more sanctified than other forms of gambling. Let us learn from them to put down all gambling.

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